

## OLD REGULAR

THE STORY OF HIS WANTS—THE THINGS HE SAW ENCOURAGING—TATUM MORE—HAWKINS—GIL—AND OTHER TOWNS FALL IN HIS OBSERVATION—LAUGH.

Correspondence.

(For last week.)

er, Texas, Dec. 31, 1918.

Chandler on the evening of D. and landed in Dallas under the stars. The night of the 24th Dallas for Zion Hill Baptist, which is four miles back in country from the town of Tatum.

ed here Christmas morning, are not being a Colored man in, accepted an invitation to sit white drug store and warm, up less a person than Gen. ermie Wall Jackson, my host, ca from his country home, 3 mway. As the day wore on anburning sun somewhat melle-edge of winter, the crown be-gathered, and as the shadows leered we assembled in the scouse, a stone's throw from thip; where I was to address a crowd from the subject: "O Pressure." General Stone-walson was master of cere-mond had done what he could to representative audience. The Colok, the country side about, hain Christmas and they were nobie stopped from their fun to one talk on the unsentimen-tal-est of race building. As a reaw were present, but, I did now the diminutive quantity to lere with my interest in the suve quality, and proceeded at to the work in hand. I wasavoring to demonstrate the efft "Outside Pressure." The efft race prejudice acts like pre from the outside, and has a key to hold the race together. In ration of this idea, the late edior, Prof. H. T. Kealing, of Tend Kansas, used to tell the folk story. "Once upon a time, onter evening, a child decided to some popcorn. He began by ing the grains from the cob, aph pan, greased and at the protemperature, the grains were pout the hot receptacle. Almost imately, the grains began to pop and as their snow white ins showed, causing the boys' mow water, one by one they jum from the frying pan into the open. Seeing his corn lost by the process which made edible, he d over the next pan full a each which did not prevent the ing of the corn, held it in the.

Colored people until brought withne hot pan of opportunity, lay the grain of uncooked pop-corn little value; but immedi-ly grasping the opportunity and ing into prosperity and adu-ment once jumped out of their race the open fire of other race the restraining pan of race pre, is ever-ready to close down on Colored man, who while popinto the usefulness which wout his own race, to prevent the vitable destruction which mungow a jump into the other race Outside Pressure" is not to be ended, but there is no rain-saying fact that it is a necessary evil, am convinced, however that with present advancement of the race, Outside Pressure" will soon cease be necessary to keep the proms ones from having any desir get away from their race. Asidem my speech, the time was taken by the natives, who con-ducting class exercise which was lated to cure the harsh-ness the voice and make music instent noise. At Zion Hill, Tatum, is a at community and contains a co of progressive farmers which credit to the race. Among those subscribed for The Ex-press are John L. Allen and N. H. Ward.

Kilgore, Texas.

On morning of Dec. 26th, I landed Kilgore, a small station on the G. N., a few miles south of Love. It is a little cold. A Colored man saw me gathering sticks make a fire and came to give a good Samaritan. He succeeded my great comfort and satisfac-tion. A white man who was a native Mississippi runs a restau-rant here. It has a Jim Crow counter here he fears the Colored people live in the country, but whom ungur oftines overtakes while down. He enjoyed seeing him wash his. He did his work well. Away in the day a young Colored man ca up in a buggy. He was a son my old friend, Joe Daniels, a brother of Miss E. J. Daniels, the principal the school at New Hope, just smiles back from the rail-road. In I was at his father's house, d immediately I had my feet up the table. Three miles further I was at the school house where great throng met me. They had got from miles around. Mrs. S. J. Se is the assistant teacher. C. W. Mitchell, who owns a 130 acre farm was master of ceremonies. The sch children furnished music. pastor dived about the time I got able assant are two teachers who introduced me. I spoke on "The War and its Lesson." The speech was seenown in good ground. It will do good. New Hope is a pro-perous neighborhood. Frank San-ders is a "official" blacksmith, S. Bryant og and operates a cotton gin. A. Kant and Jim Rossum are the merchants. There are many small farmers who own land and homes. Among those who own from 100 to 150 acres are: W. M. Lacey, J. P. Davis, C. W. Sanders, A. T. Thurmond, Geo. Jacob, Tom Sib-bley, R. Sanders all Chas. Thur-mond. Jim Rossum who in addition to owning 60 acres of land, has nine head of horse and mule. Rev. Johnson is a able living, who past-ors the community and Miss Daniels, the young pricipal and her able assistant, et to teachers who lend strength to the profession. I had a home with fr. Joe Daniels while there, while head with C. E. Thurmond and, and drove back to Kilgore, where I took at night with Pastor Sanders. New Hope community is worth while, her mar-

ching orders are, "as you were." Among those who decided to here-after read The Dallas Express were: A. T. Templeton, A. T. Thurmond, C. W. Mitchell, Mr. Sam Dansby, W. M. Lacey, C. H. Thurmond, F. Agnew, Mrs. Clara Sutton, F. T. Templeton, Geo. Sanders, Willie Ross. Geo. forgot to say that the day I spent in Kilgore (New Hope) was No. 2 in the Christmas and such Christmas table comforts as town folk can not buy were to be had in abundance without even the ask-ing.

In Dallas.

Just to keep an important engage-ment, I took the midnight north-bound train on the L. & G. N., for Longview, reaching the East Texas Manufacturing town of Longview, the second hour of the day. I went to bed on a bench made of twisted oak and folded my gloves and tied them in a bundle with my kerchief for a pillow. I slept here without rocking from 2 till 5:30 when the train came which was scheduled to get there at 3:15. This was the T. & P. fast train for the west. I reached Dallas a little while before the middle meal of the day and went to work. I finished as the King of Day lit up the Golden West, and just as twilight let down her curtain and pinned it with a star, I laid my garments by upon my bed to rest, for the first time in 72 hours. Having rested my tired frame, I went to Hawkins, Texas, the next morning, which was Dec. 28, 1918, where Bro. Swann, of Tyler, a committee of one met me and soon I was in the Hawkins Baptist church over which Rev. Williams was acting as pastor, but resigned the day I left. Right on the get-off I may as well tell you that I was in Hawkins on the invitation of Rev. R. B. Francis of Tyler, who is the president of the Mincola Baptist Board of the East Texas Association. Rev. Francis is the treasurer of the Association, a pastoring preacher, a college trustee, a pros-perous land owner and an all round man of affairs. He is back of the idea of having only brick buildings on the campus of East Texas Acad-emy at Tyler, which will mean an outlay of some \$50,000. This is some change, but Francis is some financier.

But back to Hawkins! Hawkins lays no claim to being a city, not much town—just a good white place on the road, but it is surrounded by a colony of wealthy Colored farmers, whose property is absolutely unbelievable by the average Colored man, who has spent his whole life time living in town out of a paper sack—in other words from hand to mouth—to be more exact as a min-ute would say: "living on the providence of God." For instance, there's Parson S. H. Hawkins owns 400 acres of land and a grocery store to feed his tenants. Then there's Claude Watson, who owns a fortune in two large club lakes and report equipment on a 150 acre tract of land and has a bank ac-count of \$1400. R. Puhman beside owning 350 acres of land operates a grocery store with his son carry-ing a \$4,000 stock. S. P. Prince owns 164 acres, and King Godson owns half a hundred. Now here the rest as near as I could get them: Jack Brown, 400 acres; Prof. A. Price, 300; Jobo Bros, 700; R. Kelly, 200; T. Davis, 250; B. H. Hall, 160; W. M. Hall, 175; Col. G. Price, 161; J. A. Brown, 120; Jim Cullars, 100; William Hall, 101; Willie White, 120; G. B. Hall, 100; George Rich-ard, 100; Garfield Johnson, 100; Rev. T. J. Jackson, 120; Jesse Hawkins, 100; S. J. Hawkins, 100; Rice H. Price, 100; Colonel Price, 161. There are others, but I counted an acreage owned by the men of color amount-ing to \$8,000.

A. D. Williams is the section fore-man at Crow, Texas (next stop) and has held the job against all comers for four years. Jarvis Institute, Prof. Irvin, principal. It employs 16 teachers and has 135 students. Among other things, it operates a saw mill and farm. The property will register around \$100,000. Prof. Irvin is one of the mighty men of Jarvis.

The Hawkins high school is housed in large roomy building. It is modern. It is finished. It is the last word in rural school building. The school operates 9 months, has 85 students. Prof. A. Price is the effi-cient principal. Miss Dove Pearson is the aide. Messrs. C. A. P. Cook, J. F. Parish and F. B. Ponier, all white men, are trustees, but they are the kind who take no stock in the notion that education runs a field hand. If white trustees over Texas could be carried to Hawkins they would go back to their res-pective districts with a better idea and a never vision. Hats off to the white trustees of Hawkins Colored school. Buy the way I like to have forgot to say that the school people lent us the house to hold our meet-ing and I am writing thanks.

The Board—the Board meeting under the direction of Rev. Fran-cis was a success, despite the bitter and unrelenting weather, the amount raised was \$210.26. In Sunday school Miss Lillian Hall's class raised \$23.46 and Miss Annie Whitten's class raised \$23.42. Prof. Price was super-intendent. Reva. Sid Stephens, Dr. Andrews and Rev. Francis did the preaching and I made my war talk. The next meeting goes to Edgewood. The time is the Friday before the 5th Sunday in March. Keep the date in mind. Rev. Williams who re-signed the church while we were in session is a fine man and leaves a fine people. The Methodist preach-er gave the Baptists much assistance and I was glad to see it. This showed the kind of sense which builds a race. Those who help: Among those who came to me and offered their subscriptions to the Express were: E. C. Chamer, J. A. Brown, J. M. Cullars, Willie White, Geo. Richard, Hillard Johnson, A. T. Williams, Garfield Johnson, E. P. Prince. I did not have to run them down as a dog does a rabbit. They are intelligent. No argument is nec-essary to get a Negro with sense to take a Negro newspaper.

Gilmer, Texas.

Was my next stop. I arrived there somewhere around 1:00 o'clock Mon-day morning, and a pretty good show-er of rain, face to face, I had a mile to come to the cross ties out to the Dickson Colored Orphanage, but I made it in company with a soldier boy, a former inmate of the Or-

phanage, who was returning from the "Camps." We had our difficul-ties on the way falling over rail-road switches, jumping cattle-guards and crawling over ties, but the end was not yet—we had the Orphanage watch dogs to face and they are some dogs I hallooed myself hoarse without awakening any one, and finally I suggested to the young draftee that while he did not have a chance to go to France, he could now show his metal by routing the dogs. Taking me at my word, he armed himself with plenty of brick-bat ammunition and marched to the attack. We won the victory and entered the fort. The aroused super-intendent and his aides finding who led the attack capitulated and with-out further hostilities we entered the castle at 2:35 a. m., Dec. 30, 1918. Tired out and worn out, we were no sooner in bed than asleep and I slept too soundly to even dream.

Bye and bye the morning came and after a hearty breakfast, Rev. W. L. Dickson the founder and super-intendent took me over the grounds.

What I saw—The Beginning.

To commence at the start and to start at the commencement—the Orphanage is about a mile from the Gilmer Courthouse, which is in the heart of the business district. It occupies a commanding portion a hill which slopes toward the setting sun. It was founded by Rev. W. L. Dickson, the present superintendent. It was organized and chartered July, 1899 and dedicated Jan. 4, 1901. Its first board of trustees was composed of eight Colored and four white men, Dr. R. C. Buckner, D. D., being its first president, serving four years. He was succeeded by Rev. Dr. A. S. Jackson of Dallas, Texas, then and now pastor New Hope Baptist church. After a service of four years, he retired and Rev. W. L. Dickson succeeded to the presidency.

Once County Farm. It might be interesting to know that the 100 acres now used as an orphanage was once the Uphur County Convict Farm, and was bought from the county by Rev. W. L. Dickson and converted into a house for dependent children. He was at that time pastor of Gilgal Baptist church.

All of the buildings which were left on the site and which had been used for prison purposes were burned down March 17, 1901, and the same conflagration destroyed 250 bushels of corn. The day the spot was dedicated six children were received and Miss Mamie C. Jones of Marshall was installed as matron, cook and her charges—eight per-sons in all is still standing, and is being used a dry good warehouse. It is a single room 16x18.

Today the campus of the orphan-age contains (14) fourteen buildings, commodious and substantial, beside well filled barns and cattle and horse and hog well fed and sleek. Every child is clean and well fed and Dr. Dickson told me that each child owned two good pairs of shoes and two or more suits of clothes. Beside Music, Domestic Art and Science and Agriculture, a high school course is open to every child. "What is the curriculum. I noticed something else not on the curricu-lum, and that was firm control and a demand for absolute obedience. I saw more well behaved children at Dickson's orphanage than outside of it and I cheerfully recommend his rules for Colored homes. We would have better children. A white man said to me: "Yes, when Dickson's children come up town, we know them on account of their intelligence and behavior."

Beside the educational advantage at the orphanage, every year cer-tain schools give scholarships to deserving children. This year schol-arships were given by all colleges in Texas, except Bishop College, Marshall, Texas, and by Arkansas (Little Rock) Baptist College, and Meharry and Fisk at Nashville, Tenn.

Nearly 4,000 Children.

Since the institution opened 3998 children have enrolled. Ninety-two girls and seventeen boys have reached their majority and married. Ten boys are in France and nineteen in different army camps, while twenty-two boys have been accepted for war-work. Dr. Tom Dickson now prac-ticing medicine at Bartlett, Texas, was at one time an orphan here. Miss Martha Moxley is an accom-plished musician while Miss Jessie Jackson is teaching in Arkansas.

Faculty.

The present faculty is composed as follows: Miss Inez Veals, Principal, gradu-ate of Prairie View, Dallas, Texas; Miss Alvernon V. King, Music and Primary teacher, Dallas, graduate of Prairie View; Miss R. L. Washing-ton, Alabama, teacher of Domestic Science and Art, and Agriculture, graduate of Tuskegee and Howard University; Mrs. Sarah Furch, Tyler, graduate E. T. Academy, Tyler, boys' matron.

Mrs. P. R. Washington of Fort Worth Normal Graduate Bishop Col-lege has charge of girls and stew-ardess.

Celestus Wilson, truck gardner and farmer, San Antonio; Mr. C. Wilson, assistant stewardess.

The good influence of the orphan-age has made a county convict farm unnecessary. Uphur County has raised something like \$3000 worth of cotton, 3000 bushels of sweet po-tatoes, a house full of peanuts, and all other farm products and fruits in proportion.

Verily, Dickson has worked a mi-racle. I am writing these lines for the information of the people for generally, to the end that they may the better understand in what a great work they engage, when they help Dickson and his orphans.

In Dallas.

A great meeting of mighty men had been called by Mike Marathon Rodgers to protest against the service which Colored people get at the hands of the railroads of Texas. I hurried hence and on New Year's morning, I had the pleasure of sitting in the Grand Pythian Temple Build-ing and hearing men wiser than I go over the story of our wrongs and light the torch of hope for our fu-ture. Men were there from every walk of life—a preacher laid down his bible, the banker left his win-dow, the teacher left his class, the doctor, his patient, the lawyer his troubled man, the artisan and me-chanic and all conferred on the way to get a decent ride on a Texas rail-road train and a decent seat in the hands of the railroads of Texas. I hurried hence and on New Year's morning, I had the pleasure of sitting in the Grand Pythian Temple Build-ing and hearing men wiser than I go over the story of our wrongs and light the torch of hope for our fu-ture. 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